NAPOLEON'S RISE TO FIRST CONSUL AND EMPEROR

Continued from Fifth Page.

reason he displayed caution usual to a high commanding officer there at Austerlitz was because his commanders insisted on it as a matter of safety for France.

Be that as it may, Austerlitz goes down in history as one of the greatest battles in which men have been engaged. It is estimated that Napoleon's army numbered between eighty and ninety thousand; that the allies had somewhere between ninety and a hundred thousand men. The carnage was terrible. The ground ran with blood.

So terrific was the struggle that soldiers of both armies fought on the ice-covered Goldbach until the ice gave way and the fighting men, unable to get out of the muddy bottom, fought on until they died. While the armies of the allies were fleeing for their lives, about 5,000 of them, mostly Russians, sought to cross Satschan Lake on the ice. They were still there when Napoleon arrived, ordered artillery trained on it and bombarded the ice itself until it cracked and gave way. Nearly 2,000 of the fleeing men sank below the ice and were drowned in the surging water.

The battle of Austerlitz, known as "the masterpiece of Napoleon's tactics," changed the map of Europe. Napoleon compelled Austria to give up Venetia and other provinces, which were added to the kingdom of Italy; while sixteen of the German states, announcing themselves independent, entered a league called the Confederation of the Rhine, with Napoleon as its protector. A result still more important was that Francis II. was compelled to surrender the crown of the Holy Roman Empire, although permitted to retain his title as Emperor of Austria.

It was in this way that the Holy Roman Empire of the West came to an end after having lasted nearly one thousand years since its revival under Charlemagne. Dating from the time it was established by Cæsar Augustus, it had lasted 1836 years before it was smashed by Napoleon. Also, as a result of Austerlitz, the Kingdom of Germany passed out of existence.

The boys and girls in the schools of Greater New York, who are writing essays in hope of winning medals offered by THE SUN, may be interested to know something of Napoleon's habits when off parade, as one might say. His valet, Constant, relates that on arising in the morning the Emperor usually took a cup of tea or of orange juice. If he indulged in a bath, it was immediately after leaving his bed, and even while in the bath his day's work began, for he would have a secretary read despatches and newspaper articles to him there.

From an Old Engraving.

Napoleon at the battle of Austerlitz.

"Before making his toilet," Constant continues, "his Majesty put on, in summer, a pair of white pique trousers and a white dressing gown of the same material; in winter those were replaced by others of soft woollen goods. On his head he wore a bandanna handkerchief knotted over the forehead, the two ends of which fell down to his neck behind. The Emperor himself put on this elegant coiffure in the evening.

"When he left the bath another bandanna was handed him because that he had on was always wet, as he was constantly turning in the water. The bath over, or the despatches read, he began his toilet. I shaved him before I had taught him to shave himself.

"His shaving over, the Emperor washed his face and hands and carefully attended to his nails; afterward I took off his flannel waistcoat and his shirt and rubbed the whole chest with an extremely soft silk brush. I rubbed him afterward with cologne water, a great deal of which he consumed in this way. It was in the Orient that he acquired this hygienic habit, which he found very good and which is in fact excellent.

"All these preparatives being terminated I put a pair of light flannel or cashmere socks on his feet and over them white silk stockings (he never wore any others) with little English boots which reached to the middle of his calf. They were provided with small silver spurs. All his boots were spurred in this way. Then I put on his flannel waistcoat and his shirt, a very fine muslin cravat and above it a black silk stock; finally a short vest of white pique and either a riding coat or that of a grenadier, but more frequently the former.

"His toilet finished, his handkerchief, his snuffbox and a little shell box filled with licorice flavored with aniseed and cut very fine were handed to him. It was plain from all this that the Emperor had himself dressed from head to foot. He never put a hand to anything, but let himself be treated like a child, and during this process he occupied himself with his affairs."

Carpet Beating Interlude

THE owner of an open air moving picture theatre in Harlem has evolved a scheme for making the field on which his theatre stands earn its upkeep during the usual dull period when the weather is unsuitable for outdoor shows. This owner saw no reason why he should close up his theatre, hire a watchman to guard it and permit it to remain idle when it could be made to earn at least the watchman's wages.

So the owner began thinking and as the result of his effort he caused to be painted a small sign, about a foot square, on which was printed in black letters the following notice:

"Carpets and rugs beaten here. The best work in Harlem done on these grounds. Old carpet made to look like new. Just apply to the watchman inside. He will call for the work and bring it home again."

If any one imagines that the notice did not prove effective he is greatly mistaken, for May being known as the moving month many persons in the vicinity were anxious to have their carpets and rugs beaten before they moved them to their new apartments. The watchman and his assistants were busy every day with work that the sign had attracted.

Of course the owner did not figure on deriving any pecuniary benefit from the arrangement. He simply figured that it would obviate the necessity of paying a sum to the watchman as long as he permitted that person to have the privilege of doing the work in his field. The watchman, who was quick to realize that he had the better of the bargain, was eager to grasp the opportunity.

FAMOUS LOVES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS—The Romance of "Old John" Blakely and Jane Hooper—Married but a Month When He Sailed on His Victorious Trip—His Fate One of the Mysteries of the Sea

A LAD of 13 entered the office of Hooper & Co. in Stone street, New York, one day in 1794. He had a letter of introduction to the head of the house from his father, a merchant of Wilmington, N. C.

Mr. Hooper read the letter, assured the boy he was happy to meet the son of a man with whom he had done business so many years, and then inquired when the boy had arrived, how he had travelled and how long he was to be in the city.

The boy told him he had come by stage coach.

"Not alone!" exclaimed Mr. Hooper.

"Alone," replied the lad.

"Extraordinary," said Mr. Hooper. "I never heard of such a thing before."

The boy looked at Mr. Hooper with mild surprise.

"Father means that I shall be self-reliant," he explained.

Mr. Hooper was not content until he got all the details of the boy's journey—an unusual one for a child of his age to make unattended in those days. The lad had stopped at Baltimore for a few days and at Philadelphia for a week, taking advantage of the opportunity to visit every place of historical interest or importance in those cities. His mission in New York was to attend school in Flatbush, in that educational establishment out of which has grown the Erasmus Hall of to-day.

"You must make my house your home," said Mr. Hooper. "It's a long distance from here to Flatbush, but we can arrange to have a horse for your use on the Brooklyn side of the river."

The boy shook his head. He expressed his appreciation of Mr. Hooper's kindness, but would not impose on that gentleman's good nature. A compromise was made by which the youngster was to spend Sundays and holidays with the Hoopers.

The North Carolina boy spent that night as the guest of the Hoopers, and when he left the next morning to find his own way to Flatbush Mr. Hooper declared to his wife that he had never seen so strange a lad before.

"He has the air and the confidence of a grown man," he said, "and besides that he has a good business head. His father is the richest man in Wilmington and has made a companion of this, his only child, since the boy was able to toddle."

"Poor laddie," sighed Mrs. Hooper, "he has had no childhood. His mother died when he was born and the father, in his affection, has cheated him out of the precious heritage of youth—companionship with those of his own age."

The boy was Johnston Blakely. Never did the Flatbush school have a more serious minded youth enter its halls. He had no desire for the sports and games of the other pupils, but applied himself earnestly to his studies. His mind was well developed and he soon led in every branch of study.

At first he seemed to accept the week end visit to the home of the Hoopers in New York as a matter of duty, but after a time he began to look forward to it with a fair bit of interest. The Hoopers had a daughter, Jane, an irrepressible minx of 10, who first shocked and then amused the boy by mimicking his staid, set manner, but who got furiously angry if any one else said a word against him.

Life to her was all joy and laughter. She pestered Johnston until, in sheer despair, he took a passive part in games with her. It was silly, but there was no escape. Once started he had to surrender to her demands more and more.

He bore this punishment calmly for nearly a year—a year that added two or three inches to his height and in which his figure became well knit and graceful. Then gradually the games became less irksome to him and occasionally he entered into them with something approaching interest.

The boys at the Flatbush school began to observe a change in "Old John," as they called him. He did not chill the ardor of roystering pupils with a frown as he had been known to do earlier in his attendance at the school and once, when a lot of the pupils got in disgrace through a skylarking affair which was carried beyond reasonable limits, he astonished the offenders and the master of the school by pleading for clemency for them so vigorously and so logically that both the offenders and their judge were amazed. The master could not help smiling when "Old John" argued that "folly was a concomitant of youth from which there was no escape."

Perhaps Johnston Blakely was thinking more at that moment of the impish Jane Hooper's pranks than of the escapades of the boys threatened with expulsion.

The second year at Flatbush had more of happiness for Johnston Blakely than any he had known up to that time. The week ends and vacations were the great events to look forward to. He accepted the rumpling of his hair and the tweakings of his ears with such complacency that Jane had a suspicion that he rather enjoyed those attentions.

Mrs. Hooper, whose motherly heart had gone out to the boy, looked on with approval. She told her husband, in the privacy of the boudoir, that John was beginning to know a little of boyhood.

But it was not to be for long. Toward the end of the second year at Flatbush word came from Wilmington that Johnston Blakely's father had died suddenly. The boy had to go home at once. He was the only child and his father's business and his father's fortune were left to him.

It seemed strange to Johnston Blakely when he left New York that, much as he sorrowed over the death of his father, his grief was deeper over his separation from the Hoopers. He could not understand why he cried when Mrs. Hooper took him in her arms and kissed him and called him her boy or why he dwelt with such fondness on Jane's passionate weeping at the idea of separation from him. He was not to know for many months how much that good family had come into his heart.

At Wilmington he had little to do but approve what the lawyers outlined about the carrying on of his father's business and the management of his property. Those things settled, he entered the University of North Carolina. It was a sad change from the happy surroundings of Flatbush and New York, but he had schooled himself too well in repressing his feelings to show how much he missed his Northern friends.

From Jane he got letters regularly. Nothing was too unimportant for her to report. In one letter telling of the death of the cat she adored the pages were spotted with her tears, and he, who had abominated the cat, felt sorrow because of the cat's passing. She told him of her new dresses, of her parties, of her quarrels, of her misbehavior now and then, and he in turn wrote long letters to her telling her much of his life in the university and occasionally, manlike, scolding her for something she had done or had failed to do.

The calm of his life in the university and his plans for the future were broken suddenly by news of the burning of the buildings in Wilmington which represented most of his fortune. There had been a great fire in the city and most of the structures in the business section had been wiped out. There was no insurance.

Mr. Hooper, when he heard of the disaster, offered a place in his office to young Blakely. Wilmington friends also offered to provide all the money he required to finish his education, but he declined these proffers, left the university and went into the navy as a midshipman.

In the ten years that followed the Hoopers heard little of Johnston Blakely. Occasionally there came a letter from a far distant port of the world. There were some vivid stories sent by him from the Mediterranean, where he served under Preble and the heroic Decatur in the war against the Barbary pirates. Slowly and steadily he was working his way upward.

It was a joy to Blakely to take Jane Hooper all over the ship and to show everything and explain everything to her.

Few men had better schooling in the navy than Johnston Blakely. Under Rodgers, Dale, Decatur and Preble he cruised and saw action. There were few more distinguished officers and there were few better practical instructors. Blakely, naturally studious, earnest and thorough, absorbed the best that all had to give out.

When the war of 1812 came on he did not get command of a ship until he had almost lost hope of having the chance that all born leaders crave. When at last he was assigned to the Enterprise he had high hope, but ill luck seemed to be his portion.

He searched the seas for the enemy, but did not come across a British ship. Sixteen days after he left the Enterprise in obedience to orders to proceed to Maine and hurry work on the building of a new ship which he was to command, the Enterprise, under the command of Capt. Burrows, met the Boxer and fought and captured that vessel after an engagement that made Burrows a national hero.

It was while Blakely was depressed over what seemed his ill fortune that a letter came to him from Jane Hooper. He had not heard from her in years. She was visiting in Boston, she told him, and had heard much of him and of the vessel he was building. She was proud of the rank he had attained and the honor in which he was held, and she would pray for his success and his safety in the voyage upon which he was soon to embark.

The letter revived all the memories of the little of youth which Blakely had known and he had a great longing to meet once more the little girl who had done so much to bring sunshine into his life. The equipment for his ship was coming from Boston and there had been an annoying delay. By going to Boston he could hurry it forward and see once more the Jane of his boyhood.

It was a different Jane he met than the one he held in memory. The gay minx of twelve had changed to a petite, rather demure, but very graceful and charming woman. And the Johnston Blakely Jane Hooper saw was nothing like the Johnston Blakely the boy, except for the deep black of the eyes.

Blakely's hair was snow white. He had gone gray at 26 and was white haired before he was 30. She thought he was the most distinguished looking man she ever met. No doubt he was. Wherever he went people stopped to look at him. He was light of foot and rather slenderly built but unusually powerful. His features were handsome and his eyes extraordinarily brilliant.

No one could do more with a crew. He was kindly and yet a fine disciplinarian. Sailors had not only respect, but affection for him. They called him, as he had been called at school, "Old John."

The Captain and Jane Hooper had much to talk about. He had to tell all that had happened since the day he had heard of his father's death and had hurried away to the south. He tried to gloss over the stories of storms and sea fights, but here Jane showed a little of the temper of Jane of ten or twelve, and he was ordered to tell the details and he obeyed. She grieved over his disappointment in respect of the Enterprise, but she was sure, oh! so sure, he was going to become a great hero and make his name and the name of the Wasp memorable, and was so enthusiastic generally that the color come to Blakely's cheeks.

He told her much of the building of the Wasp and of the men he was training to handle the ship. There never was a better vessel of her inches built, he believed, and he wished she could see it. She wished it too.

Day after day during that Boston visit the Captain was a caller upon Jane Hooper. Each day she seemed more winsome, charming and lovable to him. He wondered why she never had wedded, she who might have chosen where she wished.

When he went back to Maine it was with a party of her friends who, like her, were eager to see the Wasp.

It was a joy to Blakely to take Jane Hooper all over the ship and show everything and explain everything to her. When he showed her the cabin that was to be his she asked that he leave her for a few minutes.

The few minutes were long ones, or seemed so to him. When he went to seek her there was a redness about the eyes that suggested tears and he asked if she had been weeping. She told him she wished to be alone to say the prayer she had spoken of in Boston.

Sailors by nature of their calling have to make short work of courtship. When Jane Hooper stepped from the deck of the Wasp she had promised to be the wife of Johnston Blakely. He went back with her to Boston, pleading, urging, insisting on an immediate marriage. And he had his way.

Within a month of their marriage the Wasp was away to sea. Never was there a better manned vessel nor a better commanded one in the American navy. That opinion has been given by Fenimore Cooper. It has been given too by Theodore Roosevelt in his "History of the Navy."

Of the crew of 173 all knew the sea. All were New Englanders, most of them had smelled powder in encounters with privateers, pirates, Spaniards, French, English or Malays.

News travelled slowly enough in that first quarter of the nineteenth century under the best of conditions, but travelled still more slowly in the war period. More than four months had elapsed after the departure of the Wasp before the first news came of her. Then it was a tale that thrilled the nation.

It was that in getting away from Maine Capt. Blakely had cleverly eluded an English fleet and then had scooted across the Atlantic, taking up a cruising position near the western entrance to the British Channel. On July 28 he had encountered the British brig sloop Reindeer, of which William Manners of the ducal house of Rutland was commander. The Reindeer was equipped with shifting 12 pound carronades, while the guns of the Wasp were stationary. The shifting guns gave the Reindeer the advantage of nine minutes of fire before the Wasp could get in proper position to return a shot.

So well trained was the crew of the Wasp that this attack was received without a sign of dismay. Men fell and others came forward to replace them. The minutes dragged slowly, each one bringing death and destruction, while the Wasp was being brought around.

At last she was in place and then she opened fire. In nineteen minutes of such accurate fire as British ship never had been exposed to before the Reindeer was cut to pieces. Every officer was killed or so severely wounded that he had been taken below. The ship was surrendered by the captain's clerk.

That fight stamped Johnston Blakely as the best single ship commander of the War of 1812 and so he is ranked by historians to-day.

From L'Orient Blakely's bride got a letter telling her of the contest. It told her too that he had taken the Wasp there for repairs, which he was pushing with all speed as he was eager for more action.

On August 27 he was out again. Within three days he had captured two prizes and had the whole British merchant marine alarmed. Then he cut out from a convoy [illegible] by a seventy-four line of battle ship a very valuable transport loaded with war material.

The same day he attacked the British sloop of war Avon and after a furious fight captured her. A second British warship came up and Blakely again cleared for action. This second British ship was willing enough to oblige, but had to go to the rescue of the people of the Avon, which was sinking.

A British fleet of overwhelming force approached while Blakely was awaiting an end to the rescue of the people of the Avon and he had to sail away.

The Wasp then steered to the southwest, captured more prizes and after doing more damage to English commerce and English warships than perhaps ever was done by one ship before Blakely, whose force was depleted by the putting of prize crews on vessels captured, started to return home.

The country was ringing with his praise by this time. Congress voted a sword to him and the nation's thanks. North Carolina also voted a sword to him and prepared a great reception in his honor.

Weeks passed and the Wasp was not heard from. More weeks passed and then came a report that the Swedish brig Adonis had spoken the Wasp on October 9, 1814, in lat. 18 degrees, 35 N long. 30 degrees, 10 west.

The new year came, and with it peace but not the Wasp. Never from that October day when spoken by the Adonis was the Wasp heard from. Her fate is one of the mysteries of the sea, like the fate of the Marie Celeste.

When America came to regard the Wasp as lost there was general mourning, then inquiry was made as to Blakely's wife. The news that this inquiry brought touched the nation's sympathy. A child, a girl, had been born to the widow of the great captain.

Congress sent a committee to lay by the baby's crib the sword it had voted to the father who was dead.

North Carolina sent its Governor, the President of its Senate and the Speaker of its House of Representatives to deliver the sword its Legislature had awarded.

And then North Carolina, in one of those bursts of sentiment that glorify the annals of the republic, decreed that the daughter of Johnston Blakely should be a ward of the State. She lived and she died a ward of the State which claimed her father as among its most illustrious sons. And with her ended the line of the Blakelys.

War News in Demand

THE adage that it's an ill wind that does not blow somebody good is applicable to the present Mexican trouble and the New York newsboy.

While practically everybody else in the country is deploring the strained relations between the United States and Mexico the newsboys have discovered that the situation is beneficial to their business, and being alert, as most newsboys are, they have taken advantage of the opportunity to make hay while the sun shines.

One class of newsboys in particular are reaping a copper harvest from the sale of papers containing the latest war news. They are the boys who board express and local trains in the subway when those trains are carrying theatre crowds home and on Sundays. The boys have learned that the subway cars provide a great field for them to dispose of their papers.

With twoscore papers a boy walks the entire length of a ten car express train, announcing in somewhat subdued tones as he marches along, "Extra, all the latest war news." Most of the passengers are anxious to learn the latest news and they read the papers with avidity. It is not long before the boy has sold twenty or twenty-five papers. If he is working the express trains he simply alights at the next station, crosses to the other platform, waits for the next express train going in the opposite direction, boards it and rides back to the station from which he started. Thus he is able to sell to many persons and the only time lost is that required for changing from one train to the other.